The Marshal

BY

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Illustrations by ELLSWORTH YOUNG

too valuable to be taken up with details. Uncle Zack says they are needed at once. It has been neglected. I do not understand why things are so neglected."

"I have seen to it, father. They will be ready in a week," Lucy answered.

Then the colonel noticed Francois. "Good day, chevalier," he spoke condescendingly. "Ah—by the way"—he put a hand into one pocket and then another of his linen coat. "They gave me a letter for you, chevalier, knowing that you would be at Roanoke house today. Here it is"—and Lucy saw a light leap into Francois' eyes as they fell on the English postmark.

And Lucy spoke quietly again. "I did ask you, father, but you did not see to it, and they were necessary. So I did it." And then, "chevalier, read your letter. I see it is a foreign one."

"Will mademoiselle pardon?"

At that moment an uneven step came down the slope and Francois flashed a smile at Harry Hampton and retreated to the other side of the summer-house with his letter; while the colonel, murmuring complaints about harnesses, went strolling up the shadowy, bird-haunted lawn.

Harry Hampton stood by his sweetheart with a boyish air of proprietorship, radiant, as he had been through these two years of his engagement. "I have it," he announced. "Don't you want to see it?"

"Wait, Harry;" the girl glanced at Francois. But the lad caught her waist. "Look," he said, and opened his free hand and a plain gold ring glittered from it. With a quick movement he slipped it over the little third finger. "There," he said, "that will be on to stay pretty soon, and then Uncle Henry shall not badger you about harnesses. He has made me wait two years because he needed you, but I won't wait much longer, will I, Lucy? Next Wednesday—that is the wedding day, Lucy."

With that Francois turned around. His face shone with an excitement which could not escape even preoccupied lovers.

"What is it, chevalier? You have news—what is it?" the girl cried.

For a moment he could not speak. Then: "Yes, mademoiselle, great news," he said. "The prince has sent for me. And I am well and fit to go. I have lived for this time; yet I am grieved to leave you and Harry, my two old friends."

"But, Francois, you cannot go before Wednesday," Harry Hampton cried out. "We cannot be married without you."

And Francois considered. "No, not before Wednesday," he agreed.

That last French lesson in the summer-house on the banks of the smooth-flowing James river was on a Saturday. On Monday the Chevalier Beaupre rode over from Carnifax and asked to see Miss Hampton.

"Mademoiselle Lucy," he said. "I have something to ask of you."

"I will do it," Lucy promised blithely, not waiting for details.

Francois laughed. "You trust one, Mademoiselle Lucy—that is plain. Then his face became serious. "Do you remember a talk we once had together when I told you of my old playmate, Alixe?"

The bride-to-be flushed furiously as she recalled that talk. Then she nodded in a matter-of-fact manner. "I remember very well," she said. "It was when I threw myself at your head and you said you didn't want me."

Francois' shoulders and hands and eyes went upward together into an eminently French gesture. "What a horror!" he cried. "What an unspeakable manner to recollect that talk! How can you? How can you be so brutal to me?"

Both of them, at that, burst into light-hearted laughter. Lucy was grave suddenly.

"But you have something to ask me, Francois. You spoke of your—playmate—beautiful Alixe."

"It is only you whom I could ask to do this, Mademoiselle Lucy. I have never told anyone else about her. Only you know of"—the words came slowly—"of my love for her. She does not know it. Alixe does not know. And I may be killed, one sees, in this fight for the prince. Quite easily. And Alixe will not know. I do not like that. In fact I cannot bear it. So this is what I ask of you, dear mademoiselle." He brought out a letter and held it to her. "If you hear that I am killed, will you send it to Alixe?"

Lucy took the letter and turned it over doubtfully. "I do not like this sort of post-mortem commission, Francois. I feel as if I were holding your death-warrant."

"But it is not by a bit of writing I shall meet my finish, mademoiselle. I promise not to die one minute sooner for that letter. It is only that it will make me happy to know you will send it."

So Lucy, holding the letter gingerly, agreed. But as Francois rose to go she stood by him a moment and laid her hand on his coat sleeve. "Francois—I want to tell you something."

"But yes, mademoiselle—yes, Lucy."

"It is something wrong."

"Yes—Lucy."

"I am going to tell Harry I said it."

"Yes."

"This is it, then"—and Francois, smiling, waited and there was deep silence in the big, cool, quiet drawing-room for as long as a minute. "This is it, then. I don't know how I can be so unreasonable—but I am. I love Harry—I am happy. But I am quite—jealous of Alixe. And I think you are the most wonderful person I have ever known—much more wonderful than Harry. If there had been no Alixe; if you had—liked me—I can imagine having adored you. I do adore you, Francois. Now, how is all that compatible with my joy in marrying Harry? I don't know how it is—but it is so. I am a wicked sinful person—but it is so."

The next time Lucy Hampton saw Francois it was when, white-robed and sweet in her enveloping mist of veil she went up the chancel steps of the little Virginia country church, and looking up met a smile that was a benediction from the man whom she had loved, who stood close now at the side of her lover, her husband.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The KITCHEN CUPBOARD

SERVING STRING BEANS.

STRING beans served with a butter and milk sauce are nice when they are young and succulent, but they become monotonous when sent to the table in this form too often. Owing to their nutritive qualities they make an excellent substitute for meat, especially in the summer, when too much of this is not wholesome.

Boiled butter beans, served with sliced tomatoes and savory balls, are excellent. The balls are made of breadcrumbs, minced parsley, pepper, salt and a grate of lemon. Bind with milk or egg.

Savory and Nourishing.

String Beans With Sauce.—Take one quart beans, string and cut small; lay in cold water and boil thirty-five or forty minutes, uncovered. Drain and add one cupful hot milk, one teaspoonful butter and one teaspoonful flour rubbed together, seasoning to taste; boil two minutes.

String Bean Salad.—Take small, tender beans of uniform size. String and wash in cold water; then cook in boiling salted water, uncovered and rapidly, for fifteen minutes. When tender turn out into a colander and rinse in cold water. Let dry and put into the ice chest until you are ready to make the salad. Macerate them with French dressing. Arrange a bed of crisp lettuce leaves in the salad bowl and place the beans in the center.

Flavored With Parsley.

String Beans In Parsley Sauce.—Take some beans, string them and place in boiling salted water. Boil for twenty minutes. If the beans are young and fresh they are served in the same manner as green peas, but should they have become a little old the skins should be removed after boiling and the beans placed in some nicely prepared parsley or plain white sauce.

An Odd Combination.

String Beans and Onions.—Take some beans, string them and boil whole in plenty of water, with salt to taste. When done, drain them dry. In the meantime cut one or more onions into thin slices lengthwise. Put them in a frying pan with a lump of butter and keep stirring till they are a golden color. Then add the French beans, with pepper and salt to taste, and toss the whole for ten minutes, adding the least drop of stock and a very little vinegar or lemon juice. Serve hot.

Anna Thompson.

The KITCHEN CUPBOARD

CURRANT ICES.

DINNER.
Cream of Spinach Soup.
Nut Croquettes.
Fresh Asparagus, Cream Sauce.
Endive Salad.
Wafers.
Currant Sherbet.
Coffee.

CURRANTS, whether of the red or white variety, make delicious summer desserts. The slight acidity of the red currants aids in cooling the blood. They are exceedingly wholesome. Those who champion the fruit say that they have not only merits as blood cleansers, but that they should be eaten by all persons who have a tendency to rheumatism. For summer ices currants are especially nice.

Daintily Garnished.

Currant Ice.—Make some plain ice cream. Stem and wash a basket of red currants and pour over a cupful and a half of powdered sugar and let stand twenty minutes; then pass through a coarse sieve. To serve put two tablespoonfuls in a glass cup, add a layer of ice cream and finish with a tablespoonful of sweetened and strained raspberry juice. Garnish with clusters of fresh currants.

Avoid Oversweetening.

Currant Sherbet.—Squeeze and wash enough currants to make two cupfuls of juice and add two cupfuls of water and two cupfuls of sugar to make it quite sweet. It will be less sweet after freezing, so the mixture should be sweeter than one would wish if it were not to be frozen. When the sugar is dissolved stir in quickly the well beaten whites of two eggs. Turn the mixture into the freezer and pack with one part of course salt to three parts of finely chopped ice. Turn the crank until the mixture is stiff, then let stand until hard.

Frozen Custard.

Iced Currant Fool.—Beat the yolks of two eggs with one to two ounces of sugar until light and the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth. Have ready half a pint of currant juice, sweeten this slightly; then add to the eggs with a full gill of thick cream or new milk. Stir over the fire till it thickens to a rich custard, but without allowing it to boil. Put in a pail, cover closely and set in ice and freezing salt. For the currant juice put the currants after stemming into a saucepan and keep well stirred over the fire to make them render juice freely. As soon as they have done so pour off and use thoroughly chilled.

Anna Thompson.

MEMORY.

It is with the human race as with the individuals of it, our memories go back but a little way, or, if they go back far, they pick up here a date and there an occurrence half forgotten.—Dawson.

It is the treasure house of the mind wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved.—Fuller.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.—Richter.

The right honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts.—R. B. Sheridan's Reply to Mr. Dundas.

If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps. * * * An hour in clamor and a quarter in rheum.—Shakespeare.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY

REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

THE MAW OF THE MONSTER.

Text, "In perils in the city."—Cor. xi, 26.

The first city was built east of Eden in absolute rebellion against God by a murderer named Cain. The city he named Enoch. As a preacher I look my Bible through and I see city after city—always evil. Always is the city recorded as the hotbed of crime and sin, the place where young life is soiled and damned. As a journalist, lecturer and traveler I look outside my Bible, view the Christian centuries and the same apparently holds true, from the city which Cain built to New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

Men seem always wanting to build cities. Possibly that gregarious instinct is a true one. God makes the country; man builds the city. God put him first in a garden; not long till he is a vagabond and builds a city. The city is fascinating because of its human interest. Its atmosphere is far-reaching. Beyond its smoky horizon the moral breath of a great center of population is carried by currents created by newspaper, magazine and personal contact. An odor, sweet or foul, is carried on the wings of the wind to village and farm. The country imitates the city as a younger lad an older. Mode of dress, variety of amusement, social custom is introduced largely by city to country.

The Maw of the Monster.

Were you raised in the country? Do you remember your first impressions? You saw houses instead of hills, streets instead of streams, men instead of meadows. You commented that the city grew nothing but men. You remember the unpleasant thrill when your city cousins said, "The soil of the city is not as fertile as that of the country, but it is better adapted to the sowing of wild oats." You tried to smile at his witticism, but it was forced. Human history repeats itself because it is human. The old Greek tradition of the doomed youths and maidens who were every year chosen by lot from the city of Athens to be sent as a tribute to the Minotaur, who devoured them, is living history today. The modern city pays its toll, and the toll is always in young and precious human lives, who must perish in the maw of the monster. The Minotaur, who asked only fourteen lives, was mercy itself compared with the maw of a modern metropolis. The city seems at times an insensate monster, ready to devour and crush all that life holds of sweetness and beauty. It seems to pound upon the hearts of men and women, making them as hard as the pavement they tread. It seems to turn existence into a struggle for survival, in which the wolfish eye, straining body and mind are ruled by a fierce passion to clutch a desperate advantage above the heads of the crowd. The law of the crowd is the law of the jungle, whereby the weak must run and hide or else be preyed upon. Might makes right, and no sense of kinship or neighborliness stands in the way of the domineering overlordship of the strong, occupying, unchallenged, the seats of the mighty.

The City Streets.

Men may sleep, but the city is sleepless. All night long there is an indeterminate roar and rumble, separate sounds fused and blended in one, welling to a climax in early morning, dying again at sundown, never wholly still, like the sea's unending inquietude. To one in the mood it is only the City of the Dreadful Night, never the City of Beautiful Day. One murmurs:

Could I but wander
Home, away yonder,
Far from your fretting noises and heats,
Sweeter than olden
April dreams golden
Would be forgetting you, city streets!

The history of the street is the history of the day. Different in different hours as in different years. At 5 o'clock milk wagons rattle by; at 6:30 the humbler toilers hurry by with pale unrefreshed faces; at 8 the roar of traffic is trumpetlike. There is a rush and a clang of cars, and an army is pressing forward. At noon there is a lull; the multitude is feeding. At 3 rubber tires are where groaning wheels have been. Indolence, luxury and repose are on the way to river drive and park. At 6 the crowd, like a flood returned, surges through the street. The toilers are hurrying home.

The Great White Way.

Street crowd psychology is subtle. If in that fierce struggle of the day one feels a lost sense of individuality, feels his personality non est, a leaf in a forest, a grain of sand by the shore, a drop in a great river, each hour increasing the sense of loneliness, helplessness and submergence, night changes all. Aladdin has rubbed his wondrous lamp. After dinner lights are blinking; theaters are gathering their devotees; glimpses of lace and jewels; beauty bares its breast to ravished eyes. Ostentation of wealth, bewildering in its profusion, staggering in its effrontery. Shop windows display products of commerce created by vanity and voluptuousness. That makes it impossible to distinguish women of fashion and women of the street. Wickedness is rampant, but well clad. Forbidden fruit is frankly forced forward. There is deification of the bizarre and suggestive. That which shocks the simple scarcely jars the jaded. The monster is a serpent at night, sleek, shining, sinister. For a raw recruit the street between 6 and 12 is a Gettysburg or a Waterloo.

FABLES IN SLANG

by GEORGE ADE

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The New Fable of the Juvenile Who Studied Mankind and Laid His Plans Accordingly.

Once there was a Kid who wore a Uniform that fit him too Soon and a Cap on one Ear. His Job was to answer the Buzzer and take Orders from any one who could show 25 Cents.

In the Morning he might be acting as Pack-Pony for some Old Lady on a Shopping Spree and in the Afternoon he would be delivering a Ton of Coal.

He had been waved aside by Butlers and ordered about by Blonde Stenographers and joshed by Traveling Salesmen until his Child-Nature was as hard and flinty as that of the She-Purser in a swell Tavern who lately has cashed one that proved to be Phoney.

In answering the Call of Duty he had gone to the Dressing Room and taken a private Fash at the Magazine Beauty before she began to attach the Hair or spread the Enamel.

He had stood in the private Lair of the Sure-Thingers when they were cooking up some new Method of collecting much income without moving out of their Chairs.

He had stood by while Husbands, with the Scotch standing high in the Gague, collaborated on the Lie which was to pacify little Katisha, waiting in the Flat.

Before delivering this Masterpiece of Fiction he would have to do a little Sherlocking and finally locate Katisha in one of those places where they serve it in Tea-Cups.

In the Homes of the Rich and Great where he delivered Orchids and Invitations and perfumed Regrets he would overhear Candid Expressions which indicated that every Social

With a Comrade in Misery.

Leader was trying to slip Knock-Out Drops into somebody else's Claret Cup.

Around the Haunts of Business he would stand on one Foot while the Boss Carefully worded the Message which was to read like a Contract while leaving a Loop-Hole about the size of the Hudson Tu.

One night the Kid was returning homeward with a Comrade in Misery. As the Trolley carried them toward that portion of the City where Children are still in Vogue, they fell to talking of the Future and what it might have in Store for a Bright Boy who could keep on the Trot all day and sustain himself by eating Cocoa-Nut Pie.

The Comrade hoped to be a Vaudeville Actor, but the Kid said, after some Meditation: "During the past Two Years I have mingled in all Grades of Society, and I have decided to round out my Career by being a Deep-Sea Diver."

MORAL—A little learning is a dangerous thing and a good deal of it is Suffocating.

The New Fable of the Cousin Who Became Cognizant of Our Shortcomings.

On the deck of a Trans-Atlantic Skiff a certain Old Traveler, who owed allegiance to George and Mary, reclined on his Cervical Vertebrae with a Plaid Shawl around him and roasted Our Native Land.

He told the American in the next Steamer Chair that he had been unable to get his Tea at the usual Hour and out in that place called Minnie-Apples the stupid Waiter never had heard of Bloaters for Breakfast. Furthermore, he had not seen his Boots again after placing them outside the Door in Chicago.

The Houses were overheated and the Railway Carriages were not like those at Home and the Reporters were Forward Chaps and Ice should not be added with the Soda, because it was not being Done.

He was glad to escape from the Wretched Hole and get back to his own Lodgings, where he could go into Cold Storage and have a Joint of Mutton and Brussels Sprouts as often as desired.

The Yankee cringed under the Attack and then fully agreed with the Son of ambitious Albion. He said we were a new and crude People who did not know how to wear Evening Clothes or eat Stilton Cheese and our Politicians were corrupt and Murderers went unpunished, while the Average Citizen was a dyspeptic Skate afflicted with Moral Strabismus.

Then he retired to his State Room to weep over the Situation and the British Subject said: "The American is a Poltroon, for he will not defend his own Hearth and Fireside."

A Cook's Tourist from Emporia, Kansas, dropped into the Vacant Chair. When the Delegate from The Rookery, Wormwood Scrubs, Isling, S. E., resumed his scorching Arraignment of the U. S. A., he got an awful Rise out of the Boy from the Corn Belt.

The Emporia Man said there were more Bath Tubs to the Square Mile out in his Burg than you could find in the West End of London and more Paupers and Beggars in one Square Mile of the East End of London than you could find in the whole State of Kansas. He said there were fewer Murders in England because Good Opportunities were . . looked.

It was his unbiased Opinion that London consisted of a vast Swarm of melancholy Members of the Middle and Lower Classes of the Animal Kingdom who ate Sponge Cake with Seeds in it, drank Tea, Smoked Pipes and rode on Busses, and thought they were Living.

Standing beneath the rippling folds of Old Glory the proud Citizen of the Great Republic declared that we could wallop Great Britain in any Game from Polo up to Prize-Fighting and if we cut down on the Food Supplies the whole blamed Runt of an undersized Island would starve to death in a Week.

With quivering Nostrils, he heaped Scorn and Contumely upon any Race that would call a Pie a Tart. In conclusion he expressed Pity for those who never tasted Corn on the Cob.

After he had gone up to the Bridge Deck to play Shuffle-Board, the Representative of the Tightest little Island on the Map took out his Note-Book and made the following entry: "Every Beggar living in the States is a Bounder and a Braggart."

That evening in the Smoke Room he began to pull his favorite Specialty of ragging the Yanks on a New Yorker, who interrupted him by saying: "Really I know nothing about my own Country. I spend the Winter in Egypt, the Spring in London, the Summer in Carlsbad, and the Autumn in Paree."

So the Traveler afterward reported to a Learned Society that the Typical American had become a denatured Expatriate.

MORAL—No Chance.

The Gordian Knot.

When one of Uncle Sam's sailors, a man named Gordon, formerly serving on one of the vessels in a West Indian squadron, was taken to the Naval hospital in Washington he described with grewsome vividness to his companions there his adventure with a shark off one of the islands in the West Indies.

"I had jest fell over the bulwarks," said the able seaman, "when along comes a big shark an' grabs me by the leg."

"What did ye do then, matey?" asked one of the patients.

"I never disputes none with sharks," said the sailor. "I let him have the leg."